

Immortal Assassin - all

by Peter

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Sunnydale

## 1. Default Chapter Title

This story takes place after Surprise/Innocence and before Becoming I and II It also takes place in a universe that omits or is before the death of Richie on Highlander. .

The characters of Angel/Angelus, Buffy, and all of the others in Buffy the Vampire Slayer belong to WB while Joe Dawson, Duncan MacLeod and Richie and other Highlander characters belong to the producers of Highlander

If I butcher these characters, it has no standing on the shows themselves. The characters San Salvador and Johnny are of my creation and shouldn't be used without my permission.

They live among us, they are like us mortals except they cannot die, they are Immortal.

They fight one another in a Game to the death to determine who is the One in the end.

Some have decided the fates of many in history, some have gone along just for the ride, not making much todo in history. But there are ones who want nothing to do with history but end up making it anyways.

They are the true Immortals. Her name is Sandra Salvador. She is the Black Rose Assassin, Hunter, Warrior. Taught by Duncan MacLeod, the Highlander, to fight, to live, to survive the ages.

She is Immortal. . .

(paraphrased from 'By the Firelight') John Alberts, 1996.

Mr. Joe Dawson,

If this letter reaches you, I'm most likely dead. I have asked San to get you a copy of my journal for hopes that the Watchers might understand what I did and why I did it.. San promised me that she would write down any sort of gaps that might occur in my journal due to me dying.

I'm sorry and I hope you forgive me someday for what I have done.

John Alberts, ex-Watcher

Journal records of John Alberts... April 26, 1995

My name is John Alberts and I am now officially a Watcher, part of a group of people whose purpose is to observe Immortals without interfering with their lives. This is my first assignment and I hope I can live up to their comparisons to my father before he died. My first assignment is to observe a sixty-nine year old Immortal named Sandra (San) Salvador. According to Watcher records, the last two Watchers died doing their duty following her. She was known during the early seventies through the mid eighties as the Black Rose Assassin for her possible involvement with the black ops CIA. She possibly worked with a similar organization until the early nineties. The other Watchers died due to her hunting of drug lords in Latin America and drug syndicates in the U.S. I am to keep track of her until a better suited Watcher gets to me after a year or so. The reason why I was chosen wasn't because of experience but rather due to my physical fitness allowing me to keep up with her. I could keep up with her and fight my way out of any situation that follows her if I have too.

I caught up with San as she made her way between San Antonio to Phoenix. This assignment is a once in a lifetime opportunity for me to prove myself to the Watchers. October 12, 1995 Following San as usual. She apparently is doing some detective work in San Diego that has to do with curtailing drug shipments from Mexico or that is as much as I can figure by following her as close as I can.

October 13, 1995 8:00 pm.

Watching her leave the building that we are resided in while I listen to a jazz station. Lost sight of her. I try to find her with my binoculars but with no avail. I had found the building that she was renting from and got a room down the hall from which I can keep an eye on her while she is in Phoenix. I start to turn around and plan on leaving, hoping to find her, when I feel a knife point gently touching my throat. "I want to know what you are doing watching me for the past few days?" A questioning female voice whispers to me.

"I'm not watching you." I answer quickly.

"I don't think so. Who are you working for? You're too good to be a normal Peeping Tom. Are you working with one of the Team? One of Johnson's boys? Or maybe a Green?" The knife almost creases my neck. I try not to gulp.

"I don't know who you are talking about. I don't work for any of those people."

"Then who do you work for?"

"Please put away your knife Sandra Salvador, and I'll tell you everything that I am able to."

I felt the knife being removed and heard the blade being sheathed. I turn around and see a beautiful pair of flashing green eyes looking hotly at me. "This is going to take a long while to explain." I didn't want to be blunt. Blunt would mean sharp, as in knife.

"I have all day." she replies softly.

Sandra Salvador

San Salvador looked at her now known Watcher with disbelief. A group of people with the sole task of watching Immortals. That is kind of neat to her but a bit creepy. She wonders how many other Immortals know about their Watchers. As Johnny continued with what he knew about the Watcher organization, a bit of outrage sank in. "I wonder, just how close do you guys watch us. Especially you." She has visions of bugs and mini cameras in her shower even though she checks around those areas once every couple of days. San watches as John walks over to the fridge and pulls out an imported liquor. She studies as he quickly pours himself a glass and quickly waters his down in a barely noticeable motion. "We only watch your outside life with others and your participation in the Game. The one major rule we have is that we don't interfere with Immortals lives. Do you like some of this? It's a good brand." "Sure," San smiles, "I love some." Two can play at the drinking game. She hopes kiddently that the potted plant isn't underage. What the next hour of conversation comes down too is skill, wit, and the ability to hold down liquor without throwing up or passing out. Johnny is drinking watered down liquor while San was sharing hers with the potted plant and allowing her Immortal abilities to prevent her from getting seriously drunk. Both of them were feeling fuzzy around the edges but both were acting more drunk than they really were. San started to put on a bit of a patentable drunken slur and says, "t was ki-nd off you to ex-plain this to me. A'll talk to you later." (He might be young, but he is sort of cute.) "Well shit San. You look pretty damn wasted to me. You won't get twenty feet out my f\$@\*ing door without passing out. Uthes better stay here tonight." John's deep southern accent slips through. "Okay. Okay. Just get me to a bed." A slight giggle. "Here just grab on and we'll get there together." With a motion appropriate to seasick passengers on a small boat in uneven water, they manage to get to the bedroom. With a little help from Johnny, San manages to get into the bed. Johnny grabs a pillow and starts heading out but a firm grip on his arm stops him. "Hey. Wheere you going, silly. Thought you might want some fun with me." "We're both drunk." An attempt at chivalry by the Watcher. "I better sleep on the couch before we do something we both regret."

"Then we better both stop acting, shall we, and get down to business." The drunken note in San's voice disappeared.

"Guess we should." San yanks John down on top of her. The next hours became a test of endurance and creativity that starts with San and Johnny stripping each others clothes off and ending with them tangled

in sheets, sweat stained, and both of them panting lightly with the effort of their joint acrobatics.

The next thing John knows there is light coming through the window blinds and there is a beautiful Immortal cuddled in his arms.

"Oh, shit. Now I've done it."

"Good morning to you too." A long lingering wake up kiss that John thoroughly enjoyed.

"You do know that I am thoroughly in deep, deep trouble with Mr. Joe because of this."

"Who are you talking about?"

"My boss in the Watchers, Joe Dawson."

"Why do you need to tell him anything about us? He will never know."

"Somehow he will when he sees me. He's just that way."

"You are acting almost as bad as MacLeod."

"Who?" ( No wait, she means Duncan MacLeod, the Highlander, her teacher. )

"The only Immortal I know of who is an overaged boy scout most of the time."

"Oh." Coming from a former assassin who now hunts drug dealers for a living that can mean anything. "I better call him anyways because I've got an idea how to fix this up nicely for both of us. Would you mind me traveling with you? You know, doing my Watcher thing like always but instead be with you."

"No. I won't let you do that. You'll get yourself killed."

"I can take care of myself, San. And if I can't, won't it be easier to save me than it would to save someone who might be around you and might get in the way. At least if I get in a situation with you, you know that I'm there for you to save."

San looks at the young man with amusement, "Stop gibbering, silly. If you want to come with me, it's fine. So how to you prevent your friends from getting a new Watcher from following us?"

"I'll try to convince Mr. Joe to not do that." With that John picks up the phone and dials a memorized number.

"Joe's." A tired male voice answers.

"Yes, I would like to speak with Mr. Joe."

"Please wait a minute." So he waits the minute.

"Yes, this is Dawson, Alberts."

"I've got a bit of a problem with following Salvador. I sort of bent

the Rules a bit."

"What happened? You didn't interfere with the Game, did you." A note of worry sounds in his voice.

"No. But there was interference of a sort."

"So, What happened?"

"I was watching Salvador yesterday night when she disappeared from my view. I looked around for a minute and then was planning to leave in order to follow her, she pinned me to the wall at knife point."

"Shit, are you all right?"

"Yes. But I was in no position to keep secrets from her so I told everything I know about the Watchers."

"What then."

"Well. . .I explained things to her over a bottle of scotch. That was when we sort of interfered with each other. . . all over my bedroom. . . a fair portion of the bathroom." San giggles softly.

"Okay, I get the idea. Was that Salvador just now?"

"Yes," I sigh.

"Any ideas what to do now?"

"Yes, I do have an idea." I look at San quickly.

"No, I mean later on."

"Okay. I've got an idea. This 'incident' probably will get me kicked out of the Watchers but you guys can't keep on sending Watchers for Salvador because they tend to get killed in the line of duty. I figure that I can stay with her and help. I can get some really good insight."

"You know that this puts you in danger with other Immortals and other people who sometimes come after me."

"Yup."

"Okay. May I speak with Salvador?"

"Sure." I hand the phone to San. She speaks to Dawson for a minute and then hands the phone back to me.

"Well that is settled." Joe says. "I guess I'll be seeing you."

"By the way," I ask, "How did you know it was me when you picked up the phone."

"My bartender said someone who had a southern accent and called me Mr. Joe. Your the only one who calls me that."

"Thanks for telling me. Be seeing you."

And that was that. To condense what happens in the next would be best because if I didn't this wouldn't be an account but rather an encyclopedia. I basically travel around the country with San and generally have a great time. I find out that she is slowly retiring from the drug dealer hunting business and is trying to figure out what to do next in life. She fights one immortal when I am with her; 1997 in Chicago. That is the first time I get a front row seat to a Quickenning.

On August 12, 1998 we find out through research that there is probably PCP being transferred from LA to surrounding communities and cities in California. San finds that the most likely course of action is to get ahold of one of the members of the PCP gang mentioned in the newspaper. The first place we try to find them is Sunnydale, Ca.

. . .

## 2. A Slayer and a Watcher in Sunnydale

> <meta name="Generator"> You know the drill from the Prologue

You know the drill from the Prologue...

Characters from Buffy the Vampire Slayer belong to WB

Characters from Highlander belong to whoever owns Highlander

San Salvador, Johnny, and the spelling errors are the sole property of this writer

Notes from San Salvador to Watcher's Council in care of Joe Dawson

I hope that you guys understand what happens next because I have no idea that anything like this could happen...even to an Immortal.

John and I had been together for about two and a half years since that phone call to Joe Dawson. These years are something that I will try to never forget. John was such a sweet guy and very impulsive in work and play. I enjoy that in a guy. I made the good mistake of telling Johnny what day my birthday was and that ended up to be an adventurous day every year. One year, John told me he was taking me to a great French restaurant he had heard about. I thought he was possibly talking about one in New York, since there was airplane tickets. How could I know that he would trick me into going all the way to Paris.

Christmases, on the other hand, were pretty traditional. I haven't had a traditional Christmas in nearly thirty years. I'm talking about the tree, church service and turkey/ham sort of Christmas. First year I had a Christmas with Johnny's family I was introduced as John's girlfriend, San. I didn't mind one bit except for the separate bedroom deal. A traditional type of family. John gave me an exquisite silver cross necklace in front of the family and a matching pair of exquisite ironwood daggers in private. Obviously his family doesn't have any idea about the assassin vigilante job of mine. I had gotten him a rich black leather jacket. I had gotten him a sword of his own and taught him how to use it. And I was worried that another Immortal was going to show up during my time at his family's home during both

years, but that didn't happen. The next year, he introduced me as his 'fiancee' and he gave me the beautiful engagement ring for a present along with a beautiful long black leather jacket that was long enough to hide my katana instead of a gym bag if I have to. I gave him a midnight blue jeep in private because I had a feeling that he was getting tire of riding on a motorcycle. I wasn't sure what else to get him but he said that didn't matter. John's family gave us the same bedroom this year. Tradition but not too traditional. There was talk of having a wedding the next Christmas and I agreed in voice and in heart. I know that getting and giving weapons for presents is a bit strange but that is the way we were.

I was planning on retiring for a couple of decades, right after one last attack on the Illegal Drug import business in early September. The best place I figured was the importing of PCP and other stuff into LA. I figure that the first place to start checking is a community that has had several PCP related instances. . . Sunnydale, CA.

What happens next is fairly accurate speculation based on interviews with witnesses and people involved.

A black jeep stops in the parking lot across the street of a Sunnydale nightclub known as the 'Bronze.' A tall woman with tan skin and flashing green eyes and a long black leather jacket/trenchcoat steps out of the jeep and walks over to the Bronze. After paying the walk-in fee, she goes in. After a minute, a slightly taller man wearing a normal length leather jacket steps out of the jeep and leans against it. He lights up a cheap cigarette and waits.

San Salvador walks in and orders a drink. She just sits there for a minute and looks around the crowd. (There is something off here), she thinks, (and it isn't a PCP gang.) One could tell the difference when trained to observe. She breathes deeply and notices the faint odor of blood which is covered heavily by body odors and perfumes in this nightclub. (What is wrong here?) There would have had to have been several murders and a lot of blood loss in order to be able to smell that. San realizes then that while she isn't getting the buzz that tells of another immortal, there is definitely something here that is giving her Immortal sense the willies.

John pulls the cigarette out of his mouth and coughs softly. (I hate smoking, but I have to have a reason for staying out here.) He personally hopes that San gets the information she needs so that they can finish the job here. He then realizes that something is definitely wrong with this town. Being raised in a small town and then moving to a big city gives one a perspective on crime and victims. In small towns people don't usually act like potential prey that are trying to hide from street predators. . .except for this one. The teens walking in and out of the Bronze are moving rapidly and in groups of four or more. Those just could be groups of friends except of the slight nervousness that surrounds each group. (What is going on here?) Then he hears a faint scream of fear in the distance. It sounded like it came from the park. John grabs a shotgun from the secret compartment and loads the magazine with eight shells of No 6 buckshot. He quickly drops a couple of more shells into his jacket and runs toward the park, thankful that no one could see the gun in the dark.

Buffy is sitting by the table with her friends Willow and Zander. The

night patrol was a slow one in the vampire game. Only one and that just took a minute. The only thing that was strange is the woman that Zander is looking at. She is looking around the room trying to do so unnoticeably. The only reason she was noticed is that the Slayer and Slayerettes tend to notice strange things. It's a comparison thing.

"I wonder who that woman is looking for?" she asks Willow quietly or as quietly as she could in the Bronze.

"Why?" Willow asks nervously. "Is she a vampire?"

"No. But something is up with her." Buffy grits her teeth as the band makes another booming off note. But, she realizes, it wasn't the band because they had stopped playing due to shock. Buffy turned back to where the woman is and found she is gone. All that is left is the cup and money underneath it.

San Salvador heard that noise and realized that it wasn't the band hitting a right note but rather the sound of a shotgun firing close by.

John had ran into the park to find four men surrounding two teenage girls of around seventeen. One girl was on the ground and a man was doing something with her. The other dangled from the grip of a lean man who is around least six feet tall. (He is biting her in the neck. This could be the gang we were looking for. A bunch of PCP vampire cultists. A new low in sickness.)

"That is quite enough. Drop the girl, now," John says evenly. The guy on the ground gets up.

"You've made a really big mistake," Lean boy says. "Kill him," he tell the rest of his gang. They rush John faster than he thought possible. He still manages to get his shotgun up and pull the trigger. The buckshot nails one of them square in the chest and knocks him to the ground. The guy just gets up and comes at John again. The second guy, John hits with the stock of the shotgun and he manages to roll out of the way of the third. The lean boy was just standing there in amusement while sucking the girl's neck. With the light behind him, John sees his opponents faces for the first time. (Real Vampires. I'm in some deep shit now.)

The people waiting outside notice the young woman rushing out and quickly get out of her way. A bouncer who was too slow on the uptake ends up on the ground clutching his wrist. San rushes over to the jeep and notices that the secret compartment holding John's shotgun was empty. She takes off her leather jacket and after a moment her sword. She figures that John wouldn't be firing his gun if whoever it is an Immortal but instead run. If the whatever is an Immortal, she can make the person temporarily dead and get John to holy ground and deal with the Immortal afterwards. San then walks quickly over to the park.

John knows that he is in deep shit. These 'vampires' are faster and stronger than he is. He realizes that he would have to get creative to survive. John runs far enough so that the vampires are divided between the girls and himself. Pulling his lighter out of his pocket, he rips the top off of it and slashes lighter fluid over one of the vampires while holding the shotgun in one hand. He walks forward



until the shotgun is almost pressing against the vampire's chest and pulls the trigger. The round was close enough to set the lighter fluid on fire. The vampire screams with agony and rolls on the ground before blowing up in ashes. The second vampire gets there and knocks the gun out of John's hand. John tries to pull out his combat knife but that is also knocked away. The three vampires close in on John as he tries desperately to defend himself.

The Slayer walks out of the Bronze without difficulty after telling Willow and Zander to stay put until she gets back. The reason why there is a clear path is that it is provided for by the exit of the mystery woman. Buffy notices the woman move toward the park, something in hand. She starts heading in that direction too.

San rushes into the park and sees a group of people. Then she sees John on the ground, battered, bruised, bleeding and being kicked by the group. Then she sees red. In an instant, she pulls up her Beretta 9mm pistol and opens fire on one of the group. Though she really doesn't like guns, this is one time she is ready and willing to use it. The person feels the impact of the bullets and is thrown aside. The rest turn on Salvador.

"They're not human, Sandra," John says in a bloody croak, "They're vampires. Use your knives." San pulls out both of her ironwood daggers as two of the vampires move in. She believes him mostly after she sees the vampires faces. The one she shot shrugged off the bullets like nothing. The third vampire in leather clothes picks up John.

"Your not on the menu but you'll do." He bites down hard. In a moment of strength, John uses his fists and plays the cymbals on Angelus' temples. Angelus hits John one time in the stomach using his full strength, drops him, and kicks John several time hard in the side and stomach. "You'll watch your girlfriend die first for that."

San is in trouble. One vampire was attacking her directly and the other had picked up John's combat knife before attacking her. She was kicking, slashing and blocking with all her skill. These vampires were strong and fast but not particular skillful in fighting. She managed to score jabs and slashes all over the place without avail. The vampire with the knife got her side pretty good and she feels blood pour down her leg. Things were getting pretty dark due to her losing blood. San took a chance and instinctively stabbed backward into the vampire holding the knife because she noticed that another vampire was heading her way. The vampire she stabbed dissolved into ashes as she collapsed into semi-consciousness.

Buffy came into the park to a scene of a major fight. She saw the mystery woman drop onto the ground as Angelus and another vamp approaches her. The Slayer ran down and stakes the lackey vamp as Angelus tried to get past the woman's cross necklace that she is holding up.

"Angel," she calls out to her former lover. "I don't think she's interested in you."

He backs away. "Another night Buffy." Angelus does the neat disappearing thing that older vampires can do. Buffy turns and sees that San had crawled over to the man lying on the ground.

"John," she calls out weakly as the pain of Immortal healing sets in. Tears run down her eyes as she looks at what had happened to him. He won't live long.

"Sandra," he whispers out through the blood in his throat, "I love you."

"I love you too. Don't worry. The paramedics will be here soon. They'll help you." San turns up to the small blond girl standing there. She shouts, "Don't stand there dammit, call the hospital, now." Buffy turns and automatically does as she says.

"Don't try to kid me San. I'm dying, I can feel it. Just don't let me become one of them. Just tell my family it was an accident."

"Yes. I'll do that for you."

"Thank you, San. It's so dark. I can't see your face."

"I'll hold your hand."

"So cold. I'm so cold..." His voice dies off and his body relaxes in death.

"Don't John. Don't do this to me." San screams. She lies her head down on his chest and weeps.

## The Funeral

(He is now at peace.) San thought as she watched the minister do the ceremony. I broke my last promise with John. It was the Sunnydale Police Department who told John's parents (he said that his step-father is as much a father as his real one.) Afterwards during the reception, she noticed an older man slightly separate from the crowd as he came her way. From the looks of him and the way he walked, it could only be Joe Dawson.

Dawson looks at the young immortal as she stood there grieving for her fiancée. He probably shouldn't have started to walk over there but the damage was already done.

"Hello, Mr. Dawson," the soft accented voice says.

"Hello, Salvador," he says back, "I'm sorry. Is there anything I could do for you?"

"Yes there is." San says quietly. "I intend to get the demon spawn who did this to John and I need one thing done," her voice hardens, "Six months, no Watchers on my trail."

"That is really not my decision to make." Dawson retorts.

She points at a man who was watching her without trying to be noticed. "Tell whoever is able to do so to call that guy off. After the week is over, any Watchers I find following me, I cripple permanently."

She turns and watches as John's family spread John's ashes into the lakeside. She had declined to take part in this.

"What are you planning on doing, Sandra?"

"I plan on doing what I have done best for over forty years.  
Kill."

### 3. Immortality Revealed

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> Sandra As with the First section. . . the characters from BVTs belong to WB  
>. . . the characters from Highlander belong to whomever owns the show. <p>A semi-quote is from Guilty Pleasures by Hamilton. <br>The Characters San Salvador, Peter Withers belong to this author

\*Peter Withers\*

"As you feared sir. The Hellmouth is located under the high school in Sunnydale, Ca. as based on vampire and other negative supernatural populations which are centered in the town. There are over ten times the maximum New York City population of vampires and those are just what we saw in one night. The Immortal, Sandra Salvador, has started her attack on the Sunnydale vampires as of 21:35 PST. Also noted is the residence of the Slayer in Sunnydale."

"Very good, lieutenant. Have our scout continue to only observe Salvador, the Slayer, the vampires, and the Hellmouth until others can arrive."

\*San Salvador\*

It is my third day of vampire hunting and I've gotten almost nowhere with finding Angelus. I found out a bit about his history in the books that I filched. It took several hours to find out that bit because two of damn things were in an older version of English and one I couldn't figure out because it was in some form of Latin or Greek. (Too bad Methos isn't here to help.) This Angel, or Angelus as the books call him, vampire is one bad vampire from what I have read. Massacres, tortures, and even worse are in his history. As far I can tell, there is only one way to find out where he is and it isn't pretty.

\*Later during that night\*

Buffy was extremely confused about what was going on. There has been a scarcity of vampire activity in Sunnydale these past couple of days. Usually she stakes 2 or 3 vampires a night. But during these couple of days, there have only been one. Buffy has found some of the dust that is usually left of a vampire but no live ones. Giles only has been able to find a vague prophesy about Immortals, the Slayer, and Armageddon but nothing clear or even if they're one prophesy or two connected ones. Buffy couldn't shake the feeling that Sandra Robbins has something to do with it but she could just be a coincidence. Ha! and Sunnydale is a normal town. She started patrol in the park and ended up by a cemetery. So deep in thought was she that she didn't notice the faint abbreviated scream.

San had found the vampire fairly early in the night. It rushed her and she chopped off it's left hand, which disintegrated into dust. Then the other arm and legs followed in it's fate. She pinned down the vampire by leaning on his chest and slid a tube into its mouth

and throat. That is part of the torture as well as to stop the screaming that the vampire because of the loss of it's limbs.

"You're going to die, vampire. If you answer my questions, I will stake you quickly for a quick death. If you don't answer my questions, I will start dripping holy water down this tube until you die. Is that clear?" The vampire nodded its head.

"Do you know of a vampire called Angelus?" A nod.

"Do you know where his residence is?" A nod.

"Will you tell me where it is?" A shake and a few drops of holy water end up in the tube.

A bit of smoke drifts out of the tube. "Will you change your mind about your answer?" A nod. San pulls the tube out of the vampire's mouth. "Where is Angelus' base of operations?"

"A warehouse in the bad part of town. Its windows are all boarded up and double painted with black paint," He gasped. He gives her the street address for the place.

"One more thing. Where is Angelus in the town's vampire power structure?"

"He's in charge along with Spike and Drusilla. Kill me or he'll tear me apart slowly."

"Fine with me." (It would be excessively cruel even for me to leave him alive for sunrise or for other vampires.) She drove the stake into its heart. San got up from her crouch started jogging toward the nearest way out of the park. Unknown to her several eyes watched her as she left.

"She isn't the Slayer."

"No kidding. What tipped you off, Sherlock?" came the sarcastic reply.

"You know that Angelus isn't going to be happy about this."

"I know. He wanted us to find out what kind of pattern the Slayer has while on her patrols. This person is going to cause problems for us."

"One thing, do you want to tell Angelus or do I?"

Notes of San Salvador

I am having success with hunting vampires. I am taking out 2 vampires a night on average but I was getting nowhere in taking out Angelus. But I figure that if I stake enough vampires, I will get his attention. And when I do, I will kill him.

At a light jog, I quickly started running out of the park. I headed toward a cemetery again. Considering the number of deaths in Sunnydale, there are a lot of graves. But the place was made up so that the number of them was made to look a lot smaller. I noticed

someone sitting near one of the graves. She was short, blond, and twirling a wooden stake slowly in her hand. (Buffy.) I think with surprise. Several thoughts rush through my head, mainly dealing with either leaving, watching her or walking up to her. (I want to find out how she knows Angelus, now I can find out.)

"Hello, Buffy." She jumped slightly with surprise and dropped into a defensive stance. I walked up to her and sat across from her.

"Hello, Sandra, enjoying Sunnydale's nightlife?" Unlike the daytime and most nights, my sword was only hidden in its scabbard and I had my knives openly sheathed. Also I have a few stakes and holy water in a couple of vials. I am also in blacksuit. This is going to take a lot of explaining.

"Yeah, some of the people around here are so interesting. It's like you tell them you're O positive and they practically slobber all over you."

"What do you want, Sandra?" I slide my hand down toward my left thigh knife. I don't exactly like her tone of voice.

I should get directly down to business. "I want to know where Angelus is."

"How do you know who Angel is?"

"You could say I have to pay him back for something he did to me. Mainly I want to tear his black heart out, burn it, and spread its ashes down a river." I like that book by Hamilton.

"Now that is an image. So for what do you want to pay him back for?"

"It's my time now for questions. Who and What are you? You aren't a normal human, are you? If you don't want to answer my question, we can find out who would win the third match." I decided to refer back to the match on the day we met.

"Do you want to go down that street?"

"Not particularly. I just want to know how you know Angelus?" Buffy relents and tells me the whole story about Angelus, or Angel as she calls him. She tells me about how he had a soul due to a gypsy curse and loved her. When they made love he lost his soul and the old Angelus came back. Buffy told me about Angelus' tortures to her and her friends.

"So why are you mixed up in this whole vampire thing, Buffy?"

"Because I'm the Slayer."

"What is a 'Slayer'?"

"A Slayer is the one girl each generation that fights the vampires, demons and other evils. Or that is what Giles says."

"The Librarian? If that's what he really is?"

"Yes to both. And now who are you?"

"Just your normal substitute High School P.E. teacher?"

"Don't give me that kind of line."

"Okay. But don't tell anyone else about the way I am unless you have to." Without waiting I continued. "I am what could be referred to as an Immortal. I am just like any other person except I don't die except by one means. We fight each other to the death for the Prize, which none of us know what it is." Without waiting for a reply I pull out a small knife and slash it shallowly across my hand. Blood welled up and flowed down my hand. After a minute the skin started to knit together and small bits of lightning flashed dimly across the cut. Buffy looks at me in shock. "See."

"Yes-s-s. That would explain a lot. You are that woman who was keeping Angel off with the cross and in the Bronze looking at the crowd."

I lean down and remove my disguise contacts. "I was at the Bronze a couple of weeks ago to find out some information." I turned slightly so my green eyes faced her.

My eyes tear up a bit and I wipe them off with my non-bloody hand. "He killed my fiancée that night. We weren't doing anything except looking for a PCP gang. You know we found something else." Buffy jerked slightly and I stood up quickly. "What is it?" My sense doesn't feel any other Immortals around but something is off.

"Vampires. Don't you hate when they interrupt a conversation?"

"Yes. But fortunately, I've got some aggressions to take out on them." I pull out my katana and drop into a defensive stance.

A smooth voice came out of the dark that was totally evil, "My, my Buffy. You just out here for a little girl talk. And who is this, the new face that I have heard so much about."

"Angel." Three other vampires come out of the dark.

I quipped, "Let me guess, Buffy, vampires don't believe in a fair fight."

"Not in their handbook." Two rushed at Buffy and one at me. I felt insulted. I concentrated on my vampire. My sword was partly hidden behind my back as I approached it. I sweep it up and beheaded the vampire in one smooth motion. I then started walking toward Angelus.

"Angelus, you motherless-son-of-a-bastard vampire, let us finish this." I put the sword in my scabbard, take it off and tossed it a short distance. I then pull up two knives with a quick motion.

"Such foul words from such a pretty face. But anyways, what is your name before you die?"

"The name is San Salvador and I'm here for revenge, beast." With that I throw myself at Angelus. The front kick missed him as he ducked. I turned my momentum into a roll and I brought myself up with a spin. We moved in a motion of brutal strikes, blows, and slashes. I couldn't score any slashes except for one nasty one across Angelus' cheek. But he nailed me in the face with one good blow. I am not seeing much beyond stars. I'm dropping back into a defensive crouch with my knives in front of me as I let the stars get gone.

He laughs at me. At Me. I rushed at him with knife slashing high. Angelus caught my wrist in mid-slash and picks me up. He knocked the knife out of my other hand. I struggle ineffectively as he pried the knife out of my hand, breaking a few of my fingers in the process. He then drove the knife into my chest. Angelus prepared to drink from me when a kick knocked him off balance. He dropped me and that dislodges the knife. I think I groan something before trying to look up. Then everything goes black.

Buffy -

Buffy manages to fight off the two vampires and turns to see Angelus drive a knife into Sandra. She kicks him and he disappears laughing. Buffy turns to see Sandra on the ground groaning. "Please get me to a safe place." Sandra then dies. Buffy leans down and picks up her and her stuff up. She carries San to the library.

Giles and Willow looks in shock as Buffy carries a bloody Sandra Robbins into the library and put her on the table. "What is going on? What happened to her?"

"It's a very long story. But this doesn't look at bad as it is."

Willow says, "You do know that she looks pretty dead."

"Wait a little while." After that little while, while watching the wound slowly close, San gasps and jerks up.  
> <p>

Sandra -

"Damn lousy bastard ruined a perfectly good outfit." San looks around and sees Willow and Giles. "You know that this doesn't look as bad as it does."

"You were dead," Giles says.

"It just looked that way. I probably just was close to being dead."

"You didn't have a pulse and weren't breathing."

"Okay, okay. Since you know Buffy, I'll tell you my story." I look at Buffy, "I'll give the longer, less condensed version while I'm at it."

"My real name is Sandra Salvador and I was born in 1926. I am what could be referred to as an Immortal. We are just like any other person except for two things. One is we don't die except for one

thing : Immortals fight in the 'Game', in which we all fight to collect 'Quickenings' and try to obtain the 'Prize' by being the only one left. A fair number of us refuse to play except when forced to do so by another Immortal. I don't like to play the Game for my own reasons. My teacher, Duncan MacLeod, taught me and showed me that not playing the Game unless it is necessary is the best way."

Buffy speaks up, "What is the other thing?"

"What other thing?" I knew what she is talking about.

"The other thing the distinguishes Immortals from regular people."

"That is a private thing." None of them continue with that questioning. Not being able to have children hasn't hurt me in a long time until I had gotten to know John.

"What are you doing in Sunnydale?" Giles asks.

"A couple of weeks ago, a friend and I came here to hunt for a PCP gang." They stiffen up. It must have been used as a cover story in this town more than once. "We found our 'gang' and they killed my friend. Now I'm here for revenge against the vampire named Angelus."

"Your friend must have been special."

"Yes. He was my fiancée. But at least everything is going to my plan."

Buffy says loudly, "But Angel 'killed' you."

"I let him 'kill' me. When I try to kill him again, I'll have the advantage of a few seconds due to the disbelief that I'm alive and well. I know where he lives and how he fights. And then I will kill him."

I get up from the table and reach over to where my sword and knife are. Angelus must have taken the other one after the fight. I'm still very weak from the fight and healing. Bleeding to death tends to do that to you. I sheath the knife and sword with slow motions and start walking out of the library with a slow, deliberate motion.

"Are you going up against him again tonight. You just died a few hours ago." Buffy is incredulous.

I am not quite ready yet to go up against that vampire tomorrow night. "Not tonight. I'll be taking Angelus out tomorrow night whether or not I have help or not.

>I'll see you tomorrow morning in P.E. class." I walk steadily out of the library. <p>

Vampire Headquarters - need next door blood bank

"See I told you, Spike, this new girl would be no problem at all. Just a quick drive of her own knife into her chest and no more problems from her. Even you could've rolled up to her and killed her."



Spike was getting a bit tired of Angelus' attitude and cutting remarks. "And why exactly did you not make her one of us?"

"Buffy was there and she stopped me." And he pulled out San's knife and looked at the dried blood on the near black wooden blade. "Nice wooden knife, isn't it?"

Drucilla felt the knife with gentle motions. "The knife was given with love. It hums with a loving note that hurts me. The blood's mistress still lives."

"What do you mean Dru?" Angelus said. Before Drucilla could give an answer, three 'pawk' sounds in the night. A pink florescent paint ball impacted with Drucilla's forehead. Another hit Angelus in the chest and the last one nailed Spike on the shoulder.

"You were saying about no more problems, Angleus." Spike said nastily as five vampires head toward the spot that the shooter was and they found a small note written in a scripted flourish.

Nice Try, Angelus  
>Now it is my turn. <p>

The Black Rose Assassin  
> <br>

#### 4. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> As with before, Characters from BVTs belong to WB

As with before, Characters from BVTs belong to WB.

Also with that any Characters that belong to Highlander belong to whomever produces that show.

San Salvador, Peter Withers, and Kelly Greene belong to this author and can't be used without his permission...

From the Notes of San Salvador, Assassin, Immortal, and angered Lover

Basic summary of Sunnydale, Ca.: A nice town from the outside. The sort of place that looks as though you would want to raise your 2.5 children in a 2 parent household. Most places have their dark sides. Sunnydale's just happens to be a whole

lot darker than others. When looking into the history of this place, I was appalled. Murders, disappearances, and strange events litter the history, past and recent. The place used to be called 'El Boco de Inferno' or crudely translated in English: Hellmouth. The place lives up to its reputation.

I realize that a day job might be in order to provide a cover for myself. I could do this without a cover but still, the job would be a bit easier if I have one. Getting a good cover in Sunnydale is something that I loathe to do since it would mean I would have to call in a favor, abbot a small one. At 11:35pm EST, I call at a payphone in Los Angeles to a payphone in Savannah, Georgia. After

pressing in a 20 digit code, the phone routs me though several breaks designed to slow a tap. I knew that the caller would probably be able to trace the call before I was through but there was no way past that. HE would know anyways where I was, even if I didn't tell him where I would be in my call or even if they couldn't get the trace.

"Hello! Mario's pizza."

"Hi. I'll order a. . ." (The pizza combination is so disgusting I couldn't mention it or else sicken pizza eaters everywhere.)

"Who is going to pick this pizza up?"

"Peter but San Salvador will pay for it."

"Okay. Just wait one minute."

The phone made a hung up noise for a second and then it is picked up. "Hello, Sandra. What's wrong?" As if he didn't know. He is one of the few people who knew I am an Immortal and I can't figure out how he figured it out.

"I need your help on something." Better get down to business quickly. "I'm interested in a work position in a little town in California."

"Where in California?"

"Sunnydale." A pause for a second. Not alot of a pause but enough to tell me something. He knows about Sunnydale's problems, but how?

"I've got a substitute P.E. teacher job at the high school there. Interested?"

"Always."

"It will be ready in 3 days. Do you need backup?"

"No. Remember Nicaragua in 1989." The drug syndicate town looked like a tornado and a war went through it.

"Okay, but be careful. Oh and one more thing, one of the girls survived being assaulted in Sunnydale and is in the hospital. Thought you might want to know."

San hangs up quickly.

\*Withers\*

Peter knows what he had done. He had been responsible for so many deaths and never felt a thing. Why was he feeling something now? Perhaps because even though Salvador didn't know it, she is the closest friend he can have in this sort of job. He also knows that she has to stay in Sunnydale for as long as possible. That is why he helped her with her request and that was why he gave that information about that girl in that attack. He turns to his second in command.

"I want surveillance on Salvador but no interference. Report back at 2:00 hours."

#### Notes of San Salvador

I've got the cover I need and the time I need to get the vampires. What I now need is a name. Why did Withers give me that information about that girl in the hospital? I better check out this girl before I get a place in Sunnydale.

Fact about Sunnydale: There are over 40 churches in Sunnydale. I don't even want to comment on that one.

I walk into the hospital room that the girl, Kelly Greene, is in. According to the doctor, she was found where I left her and she didn't have a bruise on her. But she was in a near coma due to shock of some kind. I knew the second I walk in and feel a Buzz that shows she is an Immortal. But her Buzz feels different, somehow, from other Immortals I have met. Her being Immortal is why she is not dead like her friend. The way that she died must have been dramatic enough to put her a deep sleep. But she starts stirring once I enter the room. I can't believe it. Of all of the ways to wake up the Buzz could be the strangest.

"Wha . .What?"

"You're in the hospital, Mrs. Greene."

"Who are you?"

"Fox Wellington." That's one of my first aliases when I was an assassin.

"What happened to me?"

"You were found in a park, unconscious. What happened to you, Mrs. Greene?"

"I was on a road trip and I stopped in Sunnydale for the night. I heard about a nightclub called 'The Bronze' and went there. I met this handsome older man who led me outside. I don't know what happened afterwards."

"What did he say was his name?"

"Angel. He was tall, dark hair, and wearing leather." He was the one who was leading the vampires that night. My target.

Fact about vampires: A vampire is really a demon-animated corpse. When killing one, don't think that you are killing a person. It is better to think of it as putting a rabid dog out of its misery.

I walk into Sunnydale High as an assistant P.E. teacher four days later. I called Withers a day ago for information about my position. My 'alias' is Sandra Robbins. My position says I am 22 years old and have a B.A. in education and is working for a Masters.

I walk into the principal's office at 7:45 a.m. A short, bald headed man walked up to me. "Sandra Robbins."

"Yes, sir. And you would be?"

"So you're the new substitute teacher. I'm Principal Snyder."

"Glad to meet you, sir."

"Let's get one thing straight Mrs Robbins. If we didn't immediately need a teacher and if the Superintendent didn't vouch for you, you wouldn't have been hired even if Hell froze over. I'll be watching you."

We walked out of the office and walked toward the gym. "Is there any sort of curriculum that I'm suppose to follow?"

"Just keep these students under control. That is all you need to do."

I give a bit of a sarcastic tone that Synder misses, "Is there any students I should especially try to watch out for in order to keep under control?"

"Buffy Summers." He then gives a history of this student. "Real troublemaker," he says. Burned down the old school and she is causing a lot of trouble in this school."

I mumble softly, " She sounds like my sort of kindred spirit." He then leaves me in the P.E. office after telling me that I have 30 minutes to prepare for my first class. Synder probably expected me to simply have the students play basketball or something like that but I am prepared for today. I pull out a tape player and put in an aerobics tape I normally use for my workouts. Without rushing, I have everything done in less than ten minutes which includes setting up a volleyball net and getting all the balls out. I quickly changed into my workout uniform and started my warm-up stretches.

The curriculum I use is simple. Aerobics for half the class that anyone could join in and volleyball and basketball for whomever didn't want to. For the classes I quickly went through the role and tell them what they can do. Most of them decide on the volleyball or basketball. I am hurt. But there are a few students, the health nuts, who decide to workout with me. They soon find out that my definition of impact aerobics hurts most people. It is a fast pace routine that I normally go through on average of at least an hour a day, five days a week if I possibly can. Most people can't keep up with me and most of the students who joined me usually started wearing out about halfway through the routine. Until 2nd period, no one could. A short, blond girl is keeping up with me. Move after move, stretch and step, she keeps up. I recognized a fellow martial arts fighter in the way she works out. Why not challenge her?

Note: For the scene with the practice fight, San's thoughts will be like this (( )) and Buffy's will be like this ( ).

"Miss.."

"Summers, Buffy Summers."

Figures in a very strange way. "You know some martial arts, don't you Buffy."

"I do." A hesitant tone of voice.

"How about a simple match. Bare hands, any style, a skill match."

"Okay."

Buffy didn't exactly think that this match was such a good idea but why not? It would be easy to knock this woman off her feet with a little Slayer skill. The teacher wasn't like a vampire or anything. Just your normal teacher. She think that perhaps she is a little arrogant in her attitude of just walking out there onto the gymnastics mat.

Wham! She ends up on the mat. (Big mistake on my part.) She thinks. Buffy tried to end the match in one move. San sidestepped Buffy and tripped her on the mat with a well placed kick.

"How about 2 out of 3, Buffy."

"You're on." They both launch themselves into a sparring match that quickly gets the attention of all the students in the gym. Punches and kicks, blocks and dodging. Both women find that the other is a lot better than she expects.

"Oof." San groans as she hits the mat on the second time. ((This girl is a lot stronger, faster and more skilled than I expected. MacLeod is the only other person who had me looking at the ceiling during a sparring match and I'm not sure about him anymore.))

"You're pretty good, Buffy." ((Wait a minute, from this angle. . . she's the girl who followed me into the park the night John died, She knows this Angel. If I have to I will get information I need one way or another.)) She could only tell because she only saw Buffy from the ground that night.

"You're very good too," Buffy replied. (She looks familiar somehow.)

"I think that should be all for today. Maybe our 'audience' would disagree but several aches wouldn't put up that sort of argument." Sandra has to say something. If she didn't get out of there, the visible bruise would noticeably fade in front of these students and some questions might be asked.

"Sorry."

"No problem." With that San walks to her office.

---

Later- in fact 15 minutes or so later. . .

Buffy walks into Sandra Robbins office. It would be best to apologize again. She doubts that Sandra would say anything to Synder but Buffy does feel bad about knocking her on the ground. Buffy was ticked during that second match because she was dropped on the ground so easily the first time. Maybe she used a bit too much of her Slayer

strength in the fight.

She notices San's duffel bag sitting on her desk partially open. There is something sticking slightly out but Buffy couldn't tell what. She looks to the left and to the right. No Sandra. So she pulls out the object and finds it to be a sheathed sword. Buffy undoes the strap and slightly pulls out a bright silver-gray blade that metalically gleams. She quickly puts the sword back into the scabbard and puts it into the bag. Quickly she turns to the sound of footsteps. She manages to sit into a chair just as San walks into the door.

"Do you want to talk to me, Buffy?"

"Yes, I want to say I'm sorry again for. . ."

"I don't mind at all. My former teacher did it to me all the time. I must have spent as much time staring up at the ceiling as practicing." Sandra gives a sudden grin that causes Buffy to do the same.

Buffy stands up and starts to turn around. "Hey Buffy, if you want to practice, I'll be around for a while. And besides, I enjoy practicing with someone who can give me a decent match."

"Sure." (After I speak to Giles about you and that sword. Not many gym teachers carry around a sword in a gym bag.) Buffy walks out the door with a quick walk.

San turns and notices the bag on the desk and how it is positioned. (Damn. Forgot that I had the sword in there. Careless of me. Buffy must have seen it. That must be why she is so nervous.) She leans down and opens an opening in the wood paneling. San had found the secret cubbyhole during the half hour before class. She had noticed the paneling was slightly off. Opening it she discovered a stash of some sort of substance. She guessed that it is some sort of drug and promptly flushed it down the toilet.

"Perfect size for a sword," she mumbled softly. She places the sword up into the compartment and after a moments thought, her knives too. "I'll have to remember to get this out once the day is over." She walks out to meet her 3rd period class.

Sunnydale High School Library - after classes are done for the day. .  
. Buffy, Cordelia, Willow, and Xander.

"Giles, I'm telling you, my new gym teacher had a sword in her duffel bag."

Xander interrupts, "You know by our standards, that isn't all that weird. At least this gym teacher doesn't seem to be mutating any of the sports teams. . . yet."

"But it is only her first day," Cordelia quips.

The door opens and Sandra walks in. Instead of wearing the aerobic clothes, she is wearing a tank top and jeans. She is wearing a black leather jacket that looks worn.

"Excuse me, sir," she says with a soft accent, "May I look around the

library?"

"Yes. Do you need my help?"

"I need to get a hold of some historical records about some myths for my medieval studies class."

"Anything in particular?"

"Yes, can you get anything pertaining to common supernatural myths of the European Middle Ages up to modern times. I'm trying to get a basic cross section in order to narrow down my topic."

"We have a few good books around here about that." All of the teenagers in the room exchanged looks. That is the understatement of the year.

"Thank you, Mr..."

"Giles."

"Gracias, Sr. Giles. This assignment has been a bit easier than the last one which was about the Far East during their Middle Ages. I had to even borrow a replica Japanese sword for my demonstration in class. I have to go soon to return it to my friend." San and Giles go over to the bookshelves and proceed to pick out a few books which didn't have anything to directly do with vampires. While Giles isn't looking, San grabs a few books that looked like a general history on vampires. (What these are doing here, I don't know and don't want to know.) San thought. Then she remembers something she read in the information Withers had gotten her. Mr. Giles was from the British Museum and had a large book collection. (That must be why, but some piece of the puzzle is missing.) San checks out her books and starts to walk out of the library. After a few steps she turns around.

"By the way, my name is Sandra Robbins. I'm glad to meet you and I hope to see you again. Thanks again."

Once San was out of the library, Giles turned to Buffy. "Though a lot has to do with Hellmouth, not everything does. But just in case, I'll check around to see if there are any prophesies that could pertain to Mrs. Robbins."

"That's it," Buffy blurts out as the answer comes to her.

"What is it?"

"That woman is the one from a couple of weeks ago. The one that was in the Bronze and was later attacked by Angel. Sure a ponytail, brown eyes, and different clothes, but the same woman."

"What is she doing here?"

"I don't know but I have a bad feeling that we will soon find out."

Vampire Hunting Facts: There are 2 common ways of hunting vampires. The first is just to stake the SOB (or use whatever weapon you use) directly. This only works when the vampire's attention is somewhere

else (usually a helpless victim suffices).

The second is to be a helpless damsel (male or female) for the bloodthirsty fiend to try to munch on and then stake the SOB when he isn't looking. This bait-and-switch tactic usually works pretty well.

9:00 p.m. PST Sunnydale California.

I slide in my last wooden throwing knife into my leather sheath and walked out of my new house a mile outside of Sunnydale. I had purchased this place because it is fairly private. I have this special fondness for soft beds and this pleasure I enjoyed for several hours before leaving.

Parking my jeep in a well lit parking lot outside the Bronze, I prepared for the hunt. I figure that I can trail one of the vampires as he or she leaves the nightclub. Then I would stake the above vampire. That tactic proved futile because I just couldn't get a good fix on any vampires. I have to change tactics now because of this problem. I decided to do so by moving into the park for a new hunt. I play the girl with the twisted ankle. That brings out some attention in the vampire community. He looks like the normal person until he helps me up. Then he leans in toward him with his vampiric visage on.

He asks, "What is that in your jacket?"

"My sword and that," I lunged forward with a stabbing motion, "is my wooden knife." And with that my war with the vampires begins.

## 5. Default Chapter Title

As with the First section. . . the characters from BVtS belong to WB and Joss . . . the characters from Highlander belong to whomever owns the show.

Note that if I don't get the Spanish right, that I haven't had a class in it for four years.

Part 4A

The Characters San Salvador, Peter Withers, and Charleson, who have active parts in this section, belong to this author.

\*San Salvador\*

The paintball thing was spiteful and practically useless, but it was a fun thing to do in order to humiliate the vampires. I decided that since I overheard them talking about the fact that I wasn't dead, I at least make them feel insecure.

The next day: I lean into a defensive stance in the gym about 8:00 in the morning. With only four hours of sleep, it took a little more effort than usual to properly wake up. I was feeling a little blurry around the edges. My feelings quickly sharpen up as I quickly move through my exercise routine. Strikes, punches, kicks and motions quickly became smooth and sharp motions. The only thing I wish I could use my sword in my practice but someone could just walk in. And



the place that I had found, I haven't been able to moved in yet. The place is a one story house that I bought outright. It was worth over 100,000 dollars and located about a mile outside of Sunnydale. The place has a two car garage, three bedrooms, and a bathroom on the first floor and two bedrooms and a bathroom on the second. I'm planning on setting up a dojo and my apartment on the first floor and my guest rooms on the other floor.

Later -

Buffy came out of 1st period and headed toward the second. She had 10 minutes to get there so she spent five of them talking to Willow and Xander.

"You have to wonder if San did anything foolish last night?" Willow said quietly. "She was teaching her first period class today. Unless she tries to go after Angel between classes, she all right this morning," Buffy said.

"Fighting the forces of evil is definitely an after-school activity." A smooth voice says. San comes up to the trio. "I finally got a house to stay in."

"That's good."

"I've got to return a few books to Mr. Giles. I sort of, well. . .improperly. . . borrowed three of his books."

"You stole them." "Hey, I didn't want you to know what I was after and anyways, I was planning on returning them when I was finished. At most, that was filching."

"But back onto the subject of my new home. I'm sort of worried about the security of my house. Do you know anything that can prevent vampires from entering a house if they've had an invitation? The Realtor said that the previous leaser disappeared about a month ago. If he just got eaten by a demon or something, I wouldn't worry. But if he's a vampire now, I don't know if he can enter the house now but I can't take the chance if he can." "There is a spell to revoke an invitation. We can set it up for you." "Thank you so much. I'm moving my stuff in today and even though I want to fight vampires, I don't want to live with them."

The first class bell rings, "It would be a good time for us to get to class, wouldn't it people." Snyder says, "You're on your last chance, Mrs. Summers. It would be my greatest pleasure to expel you from this school." "Don't worry Principal Snyder," San speaks gently, "If Buffy is late, she'll be helping me arranging and moving the P.E. equipment for the next week or researching for my early lectures for that week."

"It is good to see a teacher actively disciplining students in this school. Keep it up, Mrs. Robbins." He turns and walks toward his office. San mutters softly, almost too softly for Buffy and her friends to catch it, "Este hombre Synder esta un asno y un Hitler poco de ese escuela." She smiles tightly. "What did you say? I know it's probably Spanish but I don't know it." Xander was curious.

"I basically called him an ass and a little Hitler." Buffy, Xander, and Willow stare at San for a minute before chuckling a bit. San

looks at her watch, "We've got about thirty seconds to get to class before we're late. Let's run." Buffy beats her by two steps and San steps into to the gym just as the bell rings.

\*San Salvador\*

"You were kidding about the moving the P.E. equipment, right San." I gave her my best blank face, "It's good exercise for you. I figure you can move the weights today and work on the gymnastic pads tomorrow." I manage to keep that straight face for about three seconds because breaking up laughing.

"You want to joust again? I'm tired of beating up Giles." "He trains you?"

"Yes."

"That English guy must be pretty good fighter."

I move in toward Buffy in a classic attack posture and she counters. She's getting better but so am I, surprisingly.

I wanted to say something that was bothering me to Buffy. "Your still hurting about Angel's turning to evil, aren't you?"

"It hurts a lot."

"This is why I'm taking him down and not you." "How do you know you can take Angel on and win?" "Hate is a clearer emotion than love, which you still have with Angel. Revenge is a good motivater." "Not always." "It is enough for me. Don't interfere with me or else." That night:

San gets up about one hour after sundown and puts on her new blacksuit and black thigh boots. Over that she puts her leather jacket on. Her sword and other weapons were put in their respective places. After a minute's thought, she puts on the silver cross necklace that John gave her. She did this with a hint of sadness as she remembers a happier time and place with John.

San drives into town and stops near the Bronze. While it is a bit of a distance from the warehouses, it is a reasonable safe area considering the town she's in. She starts walking though the park in an indirect path when she feels the Buzz. ( No, not now. Not here of all places. ) She takes off her jacket and unsheathes her sword and places it in a one-handed grip slightly behind her back. After a minute, a tall man with a saber in hand walks out of the shadows. ( About 150 years old. ) San thought. It was her talent and curse. She can feel the age of other immortals with around a 90% accuracy. That talent also makes her real sensitive to the Quickenings. When San has gotten Quickenings, she has been knocked out soon afterwards for about ten to fifteen minutes unlike other Immortals, who only feel woosy if they aren't seriously hurt by the fight. That is one reason why she has only 11 quickenings in 50 years.

"My name is Charleson and I'm here for your head."

"This is the worst possible time and place to do this. It would be better if we did this in another town and at another time. I can probably set a time in my appointment book."

"You have no choice in the matter. I'm issuing a challenge to you and this is not holy ground. Accept or I cut you down where you stand."

San sighs, "My name is Sandra Salvador and I accept." She brings her katana up in a rapid slash. Charleson blocks it and counters with a quick slash from left to right. San dances out of the way and counters the counter. The two immortals were so engrossed with their fighting, they didn't notice the vampire audience.

"Should we grab both of them or just wait for whoever wins?"

"The one who wins, stupid. I'm surprised someone hasn't dusted you yet."

San knew she was in deep shit. Charleson was a better than she is tonight. San was able to barely hold her own head on her shoulders. She couldn't keep on going much longer due to deep cuts in her leg and side that are freely bleeding.

"Your head is mine, Salvador," Charleson said. ( Arrogant bastard. ) What would be his weakness? He would go for her stomach. A nasty gut wound would double her over and he would gloat some more before taking her head.

San left her stomach open for a bait attack. He took with with a slice across. With a slight jump back, she missed some of it, enough to not seriously hurt her. The pain is bearable as she kneels down.

"That was easy," Charleson says arrogantly. "This is the reason why no women will come close to the Prize. Women are too weak and pathetic with the sword." He raises his sword.

"There can only be one." San turns a bit, flicks her wrist and a throwing knife embeds itself in Charleson's throat. He falls down gurgling and drops his sword. San gets up slowly and picks up his saber.

"It won't be you though," San sweeps Charleson's sword down and beheads him. She starts stumbling away as the Quickening's mist surrounds her and it's lightning starts hitting her. The electricity causes every fuse within a block to blow out along with the windows nearby. San screams with pain and a bit of pleasure as the Quickening picks her up slightly and spins her slowly. She passes out almost immediately after its over. The last thing she saw was dark shapes coming toward her.

Part 4B

San Salvador's Notes:

I wake up by a kick to my ribs. ( Not a nice way to wake up. ) The next thing I notice is my hands handcuffed to a pole. I struggle a bit and then give up after a moment.

"Well now, look who's awake." After a moment, I recognize the voice. Angelus. I decide to keep silent even though images of the uses of rusty knives on the vampire are going through my head.

"So, I'm just wondering, how does a human come back from the dead twice and cause a lightning storm?" He gives me a couple of kicks in the ribs for the apparent sadistic pleasure of it. I change the image of the rusty knife to a spoon.

I decide that silence is the better part of valor but a low growl came out anyways. Standing up might be a good first step in getting out. My arms are handcuffed high and behind my head.

"What are you, damn it?" "Angelus, once I get out of here, I'm going to remove your privates with a rusty spoon before tearing out your lifeless heart with my bare hands."

"Why, you stupid bitch. I'm going to. . ."

"What? Kill me." ( Okay, smartass response. )

"No. But I'll make you wish you were dead." I lash out with a kick that grazes him. Angelus backhands me and I slip back down to the ground. "I'll come back in a few minutes with a few things that will be more appropriate for our conversation."

Angelus goes to the back of the warehouse and the rest of the vampires go wherever they go. I sit there for a minute and think of options. I don't have any lockpicks on me or any weapons besides my bare hands. I look over to the side and see my weapons on the table. That includes my sword, both of my wooden knives and Charleson's sword. The only thing I can think of will be quite painful but quick. I grab my left thumb with my right hand and yank hard and dislocate it. Ignoring the pain, I fold the thumb inward and slip my hand through the handcuff. The other had I can deal with my lockpicks. I stand up slowly and relocate my thumb. ( Shit. It hurt even worse. Hopefully, my healing will fix it quickly. I'm weak and tired from the Quickenings and the temporary death. Just get my things and get out. )

I put on all my weapons and ignore the pain in my thumb. I only kept out my wooden knives for other vampires and walk toward the door. I realized that the only way to get out would be to get past Angelus. I stay in the shadows and see three vampires. Angelus, a raven-haired vampiress, and a blond vampire in a wheelchair. They are arguing about something but all I could tell was that the blond vampire really doesn't like Angelus and is really jealous of the fact that Angelus and the female vampire are real close. Angelus and the female vampire stalk past me with several instruments, most likely for the use of my torture. "Going somewhere, Ducs." Spike, if I remember correctly. "Yeah. I forgot my housewarming gift for you guys. I'll be going now." "Really, and why do you think I'll be letting you go?" "One is that unless your faking your injury, you can't stop me. Another is the fact we both want revenge on the same vampire." "Good points," Spike says. I grimace a bit and say softly, "Shit, I've not felt so bad since Woodstock." It wasn't meant to be heard but Spike heard anyways. "You went to Woodstock, too." "Yes, If you want to get together sometime, I'll be out in the park for at night for at least the next month. Leave with your Drucilla soon. I'm going to kill every vampire I can get ahold of when I recover. If you prefer not telling Angelus, it would be good for both of us." I run out the front door to the sounds of footsteps and angry exclamations.

I am slightly more than angry at the general vampire community. The hatred, anger and need for revenge is burning me up. As she jogs through the streets of Sunnydale, I see a church coming out of the fog. With over twenty vampires on my trail, it is the best place for a bit of safety. I run up to the door and starts pounding on it. "Please help me, help me." The heavy door creaks open.

"What do you need, my sister?" A priest is standing in the doorway.

"I need someplace to be safe for tonight and tomorrow." Several shapes come out of the fogline. Vampires. I start pulling out my sword. "Don't fight. Come in. You have sanctuary against the demons for tonight. The priest speaks some Latin that I don't understand. I back into the church. The vampires run up and slam into an invisible barrier. "This place is protected by God, Leave, now." I can recognize a voice of power when I hear one. Who are these priests?"

I walk down the halls of this plain yet strikingly beautiful church. "Well now, Sandra, why are you here?" How did he know my name? Something is really strange about this. "It is a safe place against those vampires that are after me." "Your jeep is closer than this church. Besides one comes to church for God and for forgiveness. What do you need to be forgiven for?" "It is none of your business, Brother." I fairly spat out.

He is calm, "If you wish to speak to God, the altar is always open and I am awake for most of the night. There are some cots in the back if you want some sleep and extra shirts in the dresser if you want to change." He walks toward the altar. At this point, I'm fairly annoyed. I go back to the cot to lay down for some sleep. I strip off my bloody clothes and try to fall asleep. This is something I cannot do. I toss and turn for an hour before getting up. I make up my mind, put on the clean shirt, which comes down halfway to my knees and silently walk to the sanctuary. I walk in and kneel at the alter. The priest ignores what I'm wearing and continues praying. I'm not even sure he noticed me coming in.

\*LATER\*

Sandra finishes praying several hours later. There are a lot of things she feels that she should ask for forgiveness. She went back to her cot and fell back asleep. When she woke up it was morning. In fact, it is school time but she feels that is necessary to stay here for closure. San calls Principal Snyder and told her that she was pretty sick.

"I think that have that twenty-four hour bug that is going around," she said. "You should be glad that the superintendent supports you. If he didn't, I'd drop you in a hot minute." ( That arrogant bastard. ) San thinks and he hangs up on her without any polite good-byes. She hangs up the phone and walks toward the priest that gave her sanctuary. "Thank you for helping me, Father. . ." "Brother Roberts." "Thank you. I'll just let myself out." "If you want to . But if you want to talk, I'll be here all day."

"That would be okay with me. Let's start with how you know my name." "God." "Of course." "You who are Immortal and fight vampires, you don't believe in God?" "Honestly. . . Wait a minute, how do you know

all about me?" "God, or course." ( I'll leave that at that. ) San thought. "I try so hard to fight the evil in the town but I just can't beat it."

"The anger at your loss is clouding your mind and your heart. Why are you fighting the vampires?" "They are evil and must be dealt with." "Why, again?" "They killed my fiancée, John." My voice raises higher. "Any in particular," he said quietly.

"Angelus. You know him too." "A tortured soul. He is trapped within a body with the demon in control. "Unless you are fighting the vampires to fight the evil and for love instead of revenge, you will eventually lose yourself to evil." "Then what should I do?" "Help the Slayer and deal with Angelus when the right time comes. And be what you are in your heart, what is God's Will." "What is God's will, brother?" "You will know when the time comes. Your past was preparation for this and the past month was the tempering for yourself. Let God choose what form you should have."

\*Later\*

I look at the mask that I once had gotten in Rome a decade ago and kept it around for no particular reason. It was the sort of flat hard mask that would be used in some acting for Roman shows. I decide to keep it simple and keep it plain. I find a black cloak with hood . I put on my third black body suit and look at myself in the mirror. I then took off the mask and made an adjustment in it. I have some special miniature red nightvision goggles that are only a little larger than eye goggles. I hooked it up with a battery pack on the neck support that I turned off the lights and turned on the nightvision. I see the white mask with the red glowing eyes. "Awesome," I say in a whisper. I know I would never use the costume, but parts of it would be useful in coming days

A few hours after, I find Buffy going about her rounds in the park. She jumps back several feet at the sight of me and I say, "Hey Buffy, its me, San."

"Nice costume."

"I tried to take out Angelus last night." I got directly to the point.

"Is that why you didn't teach class today."

"Yes. I got thrashed in a fight against another Immortal. I won but I got captured by the vampires. I managed to escape and got sanctuary at a church for the night."

"Whoa. Are you going to try to kill Angelus again?"

"Yes, Someday I will."

End  
file.